

FOR THE JOURNAL TALKS

PHYSIOLOGY.

[The following is an old rhyme which has assisted many boys and girls to locate and remember the bones in the human body.]

How many bones in the human face?
Fourteen when they're all in place.

How many bones in the human head?
Eighty-four, like I've often said.

How many bones in the human ear?
Four in each, and they help to hear.

How many bones in the human spine?
Twenty-four, like a climbing vine.

How many bones in the human chest?
Twenty-four ribs and two for the rest.

How many bones in the shoulders bind?
Two in each—one behind, one in front.

How many bones in the human arm?
In each arm one, two in each forearm.

How many bones in the human wrist?
Eight in each, none are missed.

How many bones in the palm of the hand?
Five in each, with many a band.

How many bones in the fingers ten?
Twenty-eight, and by joints they bend.

How many bones in the human hip?
One in each, like a dish they dip.

How many bones in the human knee?
One in each—the kneecap, please.

How many bones in the leg from the knee?
Two in each we can plainly see.

How many bones in the ankle strong?
Seven in each, but none are long.

How many bones in the ball of the foot?
Five in each as the palms were put.

How many bones in toes half a score?
Twenty-eight, and there are no more.

And now all together these many bones wait,
And they count in a body two hundred eight.

And then we have in the human mouth,
Of upper and under, thirty-two teeth.

And now and then have a bone, should think,
That forms on a joint or to fill up a chink—
A sesamoid bone or a wormian we call,
And now we may rest, for we've told them all.

A Natural History Lesson.

A man in Cincinnati, whose patience and ingenuity, unaided, not only won wonder, but our profound admiration, constructed the following lines for the amusement and instruction of his children. It will be noticed that, so far as the first word of each line is concerned, the list is alphabetical; but, apart from that, and from the rhyming, his aim was to put the most incongruous animals in juxtaposition.

His children, however, seem never to get tired of hearing the lines read, and he makes it a point to have Webster's International, or some other big illustrated dictionary, at hand, so as to show them a picture of each animal as the reading progresses. And a capital play that is, why may it not be followed in our happy home families? Here are the lines:

Alligator, Beetle, Porcupine, Whale,
Bobolink, Panther, Dragonfly, Shale,
Crocodile, Monkey, Buffalo, Hare,
Dromedary, Leopard, Mud-Turtle,
Bear.

Elephant, Bird, Pelican, Ox,
Flying-Fish, Reindeer, Anaconda, Fox,
Guinea-Pig, Dolphin, Antelope, Goose,
Humming-Bird, Weasel, Pickering,
Moose.

Ibex, Rhinoceros, Owl, Kangaroo,
Jackal, Opossum, Toad, Cockatoo,
Klugefisher, Peacock, Anteater, Bat,
Lizard, Ichneumon, Honeybee, Rat,
Mocking-Bird, Camel, Grasshopper,
Mouse.

Nightingale, Spider, Cuttlefish,
Grouse.

Ocelot, Pheasant, Wolverine, Auk,
Periwinkle, Ermine, Katydid, Hawk,
Quail, Hippopotamus, Armadillo,
Moth.

Rattle-snake, Lion, Woodpecker, Sloth,
Salsmanador, Godditch, Anglem-Worm,
Dog.

Ugler, Flamingo, Scorpion, Frog,
Tiger, Ostrich, Nautilus, Mole,
Viper, Gorilla, Basilisk, Sole,
Whippoorwill, Beaver, Centipede,
Fawn.

Xantho, Canary, Pollywog, Swan,
Yellowhammer, Eagle, Hyna, Lark,
Zebra, Camelion, Butterfly, Shark.

What a lesson that is in natural history, and in twenty-six lines!

Without a "Character."

The captain of a steamer plying between Liverpool and Cape Town found himself short-handed when he came to leave the African coast, and the Minneapolis Times. Several of his men had deserted him for the gold fields. So, when an Irishman came along and wanted to work his way back to Liverpool, he said and said and got a recommendation and I'll take you.

Mike came back soon with the needed document. "That'll do," said the captain, "go aboard and get to work."

Next day was sailing day, and as they were preparing to cast off, the Dutchman came putting up to the side and wanted to come aboard and work for his passage. "Jump on and be quick about it," said the captain, without a question, for he needed the hand badly.

The first day out he set the men to swabbing the deck. The Dutchman braced him against the rail with a bucket, and dipped into the sea of waves, pausing the water along to the Irishman, who sloshed it over the deck. Pretty soon a high wave hit the Dutchman, he lost his balance and tumbled over the side.

The Irishman took one look. Not a trace was to be seen of the unlucky Dutchman. He hurried over to the captain's cabin and called him out.

"What do you want?" demanded the boss.

"Well, captain, when I came to get my job made me get a recommendation, didn't you?"

"Yes, you're all right, I guess. What's the matter?"

"Well, you didn't ask the Dutchman for a recommendation, did you?"

"No, why?"

"Well, captain, the Dutchman's gone off with yer bonckie."

The spring girl will carry more braid than a brigadier. Her gown and jacket will be decorated with yards of braid, which are coming in gray colors and novel designs, but the blacks will hold their own. When you see the braided girls you'll not upbraid her.

SHARED HIS GRANDMOTHER.

A True Story of Half a Dozen Little Orphan Boys.

Charlie Gray has always been an object of interest to the little boys in the Brooklyn Orphan Asylum. In their eyes he is invested with a certain authority and mystery, for Charlie has had a home of his own, and has relatives—an uncle and a grandmother. When the little fellows were tired of play they would gather around Charlie, and be regaled with wonderful tales of his grandmother, and of her intricate ability to manufacture toys for little boys out of pieces of paper, and of the astonishing fairy tales she could tell.

Charlie was repeating the other morning what he could remember of one of these marvelous tales, a story in which a red fox and a fairy queen, and a talking bear figured. He had an audience of five little orphans, whose rapt faces gave evidence of their intense interest. When he finished the story several long-drawn sighs, and then the boys sat silent, thinking over the wonderful story. The narrator, unwilling to spoil the effect, also kept silence. Finally Harry Stewart broke the spell with: "Well, I had a grandma."

"So do I!" exclaimed several. Charlie waved his arm grandly and proudly. "Well, I've got one," he exclaimed, in a burst of enthusiastic enthusiasm, "and you fellows can have mine. She'll be glad to have you all, 'cause she likes boys a whole lot. Let's leave this place an' go to her."

"You mean it?" cried Estus, with glittering eyes.

"Course," answered Charlie. "Let's go now."

And that was how it was that half an hour later there was an extraordinary scene in the orphanage. Besides Charlie Gray, the missing ones were Harry Stewart, Harry Estus, August Davis, Jimmy Reardon and Terry Go. They were searched for high and low, but no trace of them was found.

As for Grandma Gray, when the six youngsters burst in upon her, and Charlie proudly announced: "G-an-gramma, here're my friends, and they want you for a grandma," she was fairly

he was able to recall every note of the song, immediately wrote it down and carried it to his friend Baron Dietrich. Every one was enchanted with the song, which aroused the greatest enthusiasm. A few days later it was publicly given in Strasburg, and thence it was conveyed by the mail to the insurgents of Mars Hill, and of its after popularity we know. De Lisle's mother was a most devoted R. Y.ist, and asked, "What do you mean by associating our name with the revolutionary hymn which those brigands sing?" De Lisle himself, proscribed as a Royalist, when flying for his life in the Jura mountains, heard it as a message of death, and recognizing the well-known air, asked his guide what it was called. It had then been christened the "Marseillaise Hymn."

A Hot Shot.

A rather amusing story is told of a certain so-called "popular preacher," the Rev. Dr. D., whose marvelous powers of eloquence invariably gathered him large audiences. People wondered at his sermons, and proclaimed him an intellectual genius. Now the doctor was a plagiarist who patched up his own exceedingly poor sermons by introducing here and there passages from the sermons of celebrated divines, but the ingenious way in which he accomplished this prevented discovery. Then, too, his audiences, he calculated, were not students of theology, and therefore not likely to detect his appropriations. But in this he made his mistake, and his exposure took place as follows: One day an elderly gentleman entered the church and took a seat in the first row. As the doctor proceeded with his sermon the gentleman broke in now and then with such remarks as, "That's a Sherlock," "Ah, from Tillotson," "Now it's Blair," etc.

The doctor stood it for a little while, but at last, full of wrath, he said: "My dear sir, if you do not restrain your impertinent remarks and hold your tongue, I'll have you ejected!"

The elderly gentleman, looking the doctor calmly in the face, said: "That's his own."—From Harper's Round Table.

She Was Particular.

"How much is a leather to Oireland?" she asked of the stamp clerk.

"Five cents."

"Gimme a stamp!"

The stamp was handed out. She looked at it critically.

"Sure an' O'don't like the color av it. Hev ye no gran' stamps?"

"No. That is on'y the color of five-cent stamps."

"Sure an' I see in the newspapers somethin' about new colors of stamps!"

"They are not issued yet, madam. Will you please take your stamp and step aside? Several persons are waiting behind you."

"In a minute, sorr. Ye are quite sure they hev no gran' stamps?"

"Quite sure, madam. The stamp will carry your letter to Ireland quite as well as a green one. Won't you please—"

"An' whin do yez think the gran' stamp will be out?"

"I can't tell. Madam, the crowd behind you is increasing, and the people are growing very impatient."

"Will they be out in a yare, think ye?"

"Per'aps. It may be longer. I can't tell. But you must take your stamp and move on."

"O'don't think O'll tek it," said she, pushing the stamp back again. "O'll wait until the gran' stamps are out. Sure an' there's no hurry."

Then she moved off, and the wants of the crowd were attended to.—Harper's Bazar.

THE TEXAS RANGERS.

A Body of men who Would be Invincible in war.

The Texas rangers believe they could settle this little controversy with Spain without any aid from the rest of the country, and really, in the event of war and the invasion of Cuba, Uncle Sam could get together no more formidable body of men than the "browned" danger-ridden heroes of the southwest. Few people outside of Texas know that there is such a thing as an organized body of rangers in existence today. They are in the service of the state government, amenable to call by Adj. Gen. Mabry, and under direct control of Gov. Culberson. Their wages, with the exception of those in the state's employ, The remainder do service for ranch owners and stockmen. But one bugle blast from the national capital could assemble in a twinkling 10,000 armed men who would faithfully defend themselves "Texas Rangers." The immense ranches of the Panhandle, the limitless pasture lands on the Rio Grande and the ranges of West Central Texas could pour forth their hosts of cowboys, while from a hundred different trades and occupations in the little cities of the state would come an even greater number of rough riders who have turned from the adventure of the "stock punch" to the more lucrative pursuits of urban life. And not one of them but whose revolver would be effective from the back of a galloping mustang at 50 yards. While all would resent with indignation a quest on the ability to "hit the bull's-eye" with a Winchester as far as it could bedistinguish. Accustomed to sleep in the open air, with their saddles for pillows and earth's garments for their mattresses, no harder class of men can be found anywhere. A tin cup of hastily boiled coffee and a hunk of half-roasted beef have formed for months at a time their mid-day "banquets." They have thrived on such fare, and could endure unflinchingly on much less. Exposure is commonplace for them. It is, indeed, the mode of living.

At San Antonio is Capt. J. S. McNeil, as hardy a ranger as ever wore a buckskin. For several years he has been in the service of the United States marshal for the western district of Texas. When Capt. O. Garza and General Francisco Ruiz Sandoval led their famous filibuster expedition across the Rio Grande into Mexico, seven years ago, he was in command of a squad of rangers that did more than the entire federal soldiery in the department of Texas to disperse and capture the filibusters. He was given personal credit by Mexican authorities for the maneuvers that resulted in the apprehension of General Sandoval.

Captain McNeil is inclined to tactfully, but recently he was persuaded to discuss the possibility of organizing a brigade of rangers. "If the government would authorize the formation of a brigade of rangers, or cowboys," he is quoted as having said, "the task of occupying Cuba would require little or no additional attention from the army. Of course, the matter of transporting the men and their horses to Cuba would have to be taken care of by the naval authorities. But with the Texas boys would have no concern. Several army men have talked along this line with me, and most of them insisted that it would be necessary for the rangers to have a few detachments of infantry. Of course, they may know more than I about tactical warfare with the disciplined troops of

equal between an army of undersized, half-hearted Spaniards and a body of Texas rangers of one fifth their number but of proved courage and certain marksmanship.

"I believe it is more than a year ago that we read of the Lone Star company of Texas volunteers in the Cuban army fighting off the rest of the army. There were less than thirty Texans in that troop, but when the scrimmage was over more than four times their number of dead Spaniards lay around their own bodies.

"What would be the result if an American fleet were to blockade Havana and 10,000 cowboys thrown into the island to lead the insurgents in offensive measures? I don't think there is any doubt as to the result. Of course, it might be well after that to occupy the island with a sufficient number of infantry to thoroughly garrison it and prevent the fomenting of seditious movements against our army of occupation. Then, too, after that the cowboys might be serviceable elsewhere in the island.

I presume that European disciplinarians would laugh at my views of what our 'undrilled' rangers could do. But let them think a bit. The tried courage of our boys would show that there is no danger of their turning tail under any circumstances. Now, then, what is most demoralizing to an army? If two forces meet and one sees tremendous havoc wrought on its side, while the foe continues to fight, and is relatively as strong as before, what is the result? Suppose a brigade of European cavalry were to be engaged by an equal number of rangers. In the first place, the Europeans might seek to use their sabers and bayonets before the two forces got together for every European cavalryman's bullet that found its mark at least two of our cowboys would have dropped their men. So long as they remained away from a hand-to-hand scrimmage the Texans would continue to increase the enemy's minority. Then when they got together the boys who could use bowie knives and guns successfully against the lances and tomahawks of the Indians could certainly whip the cavalry of any European nation with ordinary sabers and side arms.

There are various things that favor the ranger. In the first place his horse, the ordinary mustang, is much more serviceable for modern fighting purposes than the ordinary cavalry horse. Its thin, wiry legs aid it on the plains where a sharp turn frequently saves its rider from an onrushing steed. It enables the cowboy to stop a stampede, it knows of an occupation which requires more coolness and endurance than the exercise of more quick, good judgment than does that of the cavalryman. It makes better horsemen or better a class of horses better for their use. All the world knows that down here, where hunting is as popular a leisure sport as playing tips we have learned generations of marksmanship. It seems to me that even those unfamiliar with the resources and capabilities of our cowboys can understand that 10,000 of the fitted out as rangers, would show the world a good deal in the way of military doings."

Capt. McNeil was not without a plan of campaign. He was certain that no occasion would arise in Cuba where the entire Texas army could be engaged at once against a single opposing column. "The Spaniards would hardly risk an open fight against a force of men who would like to be mobilized for a pitched battle. I think the consolidated Cuban insurgents, with the Texas brigades to lead them, would make short shrift of the Spaniards. The our boys could be even more useful in the event that Havana were invested by gradual approaches. Advancing dismounted, if necessary, from shelter to shelter, no sharpshooters could be more effective than they in drawing the lines closer and closer about the beleaguered Spaniards.

"Taught to fire across the neck of a galloping mustang, with scarcely anything but one leg and thigh exposed, they would puzzle the Spaniards sorely, while their own marksmanship and courage would certainly gain them as many victories against European arms as they have against our army. American foes equally as dangerous as the foreigners in the passage at arms.

"If there were little prospect of a general engagement on the island, and the Spaniards could be divided into three or four brigades to operate separately, though in constant touch with each other. I am convinced that such a course would teach military men something new in the way of quick work.

"No, sir; careful gentlemen not acquainted with the facts many incline to doubt the wisdom of such a course. But I know a dozen competent and trustworthy men who would like nothing better than to wrest Cuba from Spain's sway at the head of 10,000 Texas rangers, co-operated with by an American fleet and the Cuban patriots."

A Willing Convert.

"What's the matter, Johnnie; you seem to be feeling good?" asked one of the father's neighbors.

"Great! We got Christian Science over 't our house," said the boy, as he munch on a doughnut and waved a second in the air.

"Christian Science? What do you mean?" inquired the puzzled neighbors.

"It's just immense!" cried the boy. "Best thing I ever heard of. It's just the boss, I tell you."

"I have heard that it comes next did wonders," observed the neighbor, "but I didn't suppose boys knew much about it. Has it benefited you, Johnnie?"

"Benefit'd me!" echoed Johnnie. "You just bet it has! It's great! When you're Christian Science, you know, you ain't never sick. Benefit'd me? I should say it had. I kin sleep around in the snow and eat fourteen doughnuts and ma never say a word, for I can't be sick—see? I just can't be sick!"—Harper's Bazar.

Loved Pie.

Teacher—Of course you understand the difference between liking and loving?

Pupil—Yes, marm; I like my father and mother, but I love pie.

EASTER LILIES.

A Young Strategist.

Johnnie—Papa, see what I've found—a bicycle cap.

Papa—What are you going to do with it, Johnnie?

Johnnie—Well, ain't you going to buy me a bicycle to fit it?

Was Equal to Two.

Visitor—Well, Johnny, I suppose your father thinks the twins are something wonderful?

Johnny—Yes, but (in confidential whisper) I could lick 'em both, easy.

civilized countries, but I rely on my knowledge of the Texas rangers.

"It is true that we would have to depend on the navy to blockade Havana. But that is natural. Hem in the Spanish soldiers now in Cuba and with such force as I mention the Spaniards would be either dead or American prisoners within a few weeks. I understand that the available Spanish troops around Havana number less than 50,000. Let those familiar with the marksmanship and horsemanship of the Texas ranger figure on what the result would be in a combat otherwise

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

Masonic.

El Paso Lodge, No. 180, A. F. & A. M. Meets every first and third Wednesday at Masonic hall, San Antonio street. Visiting brothers cordially invited.

W. C. HOLMES, H. P. M.

A. KAPLAN, Secretary.

El Paso Chapter, No. 167, R. A. M. Meets the second Wednesday of each month at Masonic hall. Visiting companions cordially invited.

W. C. HOLMES, H. P. M.

A. KAPLAN, Secretary.

El Paso Commandery, No. 16, K. T. Meets fourth Wednesday of each month at Masonic hall. Visiting Sir Knights cordially invited.

H. C. MYLES, R. C. W. E. RACE, Recorder.

Alpha Chapter No. 178, ORDER EASTERN STAR. Regular meeting second Saturday of each month. Visiting members of the order cordially invited.

J. O. BAUGH, Worthy Patron.

I. O. O. F.

El Paso Lodge, No. 284, I. O. O. F. Meeting Every Monday Night. P. O. Fadden, N. G. P. M. MILLER, Secretary.

Border Lodge 874, I. O. O. F. Meets every Tuesday night at 8 o'clock. J. S. MORRISON, Secretary.

Canon of Paso, No. 4. Patriarch's Militant. Night of meeting second Wednesday in Odd Fellows' hall. W. M. PRIORE, Captain. W. E. SHARP, Clerk.

Mt. Franklin Encampment, I. O. O. F. Night of meeting first and third Thursdays at Odd Fellows' hall. Watson, O. F. HENRY L. CAPELL, Scribe.

Miscellaneous

National Union. Meets fourth Thursday in each month at Odd Fellows' hall. J. W. ROWS, Pres. J. W. WILKINSON, Secretary.

Knight of Honor. Meets second and fourth Tuesdays of each month at Odd Fellows' hall. Visiting brothers cordially invited.

A. HILLE, Dictator. E. A. SHELTON, Reporter.

Meets every Sunday at 10 a. m. at Labor hall. Visiting members of the order cordially invited.

HED WEIDENBROCK, Sec. and Treas.

Woodmen of the World, Tornillo Camp, No. 48. Meets every second and fourth Tuesdays each month at their hall. S. A. E. hall, 9 p. m. sharp. Sovereigns and strangers cordially invited.

W. E. WILKINSON, Commander. J. T. SULLIVAN, Sec.

S. P. O. E. El Paso Lodge, No. 187. Meets first and third Tuesdays in Odd Fellows' hall. S. J. GATLIN, H. P. T. E. SHELTON, Secretary.

A. O. U. W. Meets in G. A. R. hall on the first and third Tuesdays in each month. Visiting brothers cordially invited.

FRANK WIDMAR, M. W. O. O. E. K. E. Recorder.

Foresters of America. COURT ROBIN HOOD NO. 1. Meets first and third Wednesdays night of each month in Odd Fellows' hall. J. T. SULLIVAN, C. E. G. F. ALLEN, Secretary.

Ancient Order of Hibernians. Division No. 1, El Paso County, meets second and fourth Sundays at Union Labor hall at 8 p. m. J. J. NALL, Secretary.

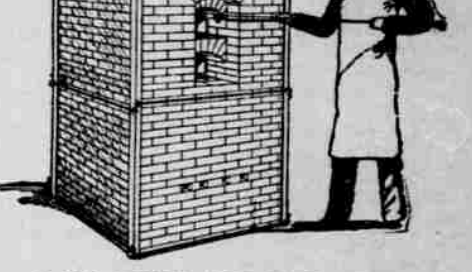
K. of P.

El Paso Lodge, No. 82. Regular meeting Friday night at 8 o'clock. Meets every Friday evening at the hall corner San Antonio and E. Street, at 8:00 o'clock. JOHN SORRENSEN, M. W. R. J. BAKER, S. S.

Colored Knights of Pythias. Myrtle Lodge, No. 10. Regular meeting every Thursday evening in Union Labor hall over Badger's grocery store. Sojourning Knights respectfully invited to attend.

A. O. MURPHY, K. of R. and S. W. H. SCOTT, C. O.

Bliss Lodge No. 321, K. O. P. Regular meeting every Monday evening at 8 o'clock. Meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock. W. F. HAMPER, K. of R. J. C. GRAY, S. S.



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